

## The second part of

*Boy* The musique is come sir.

*enter musike.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol.* They say Poynes has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinckes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breeds no bate with telling of discret stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that shew a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince.* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes.* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince.* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes.* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeeres out liue performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll.

*Prince*

## Henry the

*Prince.* Saturne and Venus this y  
saies th' Almanacke to that?

*Poyns.* And look whether the fi  
lipping to his master, old tables, his n  
per?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue me flatter

*Dol.* By my troth I kisse thee wi

*Falst.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I lou  
them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt haue a kirt  
a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow  
growes late, weele to bed, thou't for

*Dol.* By my troth thou't set me a  
proue that euer I dresse my selfe ha  
hearken a'th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke Francis.

*Prince, Poynes.* Anon anon sir.

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard sonne of th  
Poynes his brother?

*Prince.* Why thou globe of fin  
dost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thou, I a  
drawer.

*Prince.* Very true sir, and I co  
cares.

*Hof.* O the Lord preferue thy  
to London, now the Lord bleste  
Iesu, are you come from Wales?

*Falst.* Thou horson madde co  
light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, tho

*Doll.* How? you fat foole I scor

*Poynes.* My lorde, he will dri  
and turne all to a meriment if you

*Prince.* You horson candlemi  
speake of me now, before this ho  
woman?